

Actions Created

L.M.K.

In living the life I currently lead, I have found myself seeking silence more than ever.

I am spending my days in a place where my soul is no longer happy, I am choosing to create as a means to change the course.

Whether this self created noise acts as a cover for the noise you may be attempting to drown out, I hope it finds you well and does what is needed.

Please enjoy the words shared from my time with these days, whether it acts as a means to soothe you to sleep, to keep you company, or whatever else, I hope you enjoy.

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In Need Of Space

This body aches in this moment of clarity.

The eyes have told of time passed, in telling, the mind brought about a sorrow, a shame that lives inside deep within.

These actions I have brought into existence for myself have been misused, I have fooled myself into thinking these things were different, I had imagined it all.

These feet had not walked the path laid out to guide me, no, instead they swapped socks, dawned shoes, and danced in circles.

This frustration makes since, though is pointless in its current existence, instead, I will use it as fuel forward, a marker of what needs to change; as for that silly dance, I will dub it as a warm up, as it truly was one.

In this moment of clarity, this noise has filled this head of mine, yet again pulling forward this frustration, this time, a useless case for sure, as there is nothing much to alleviate such feelings and I am run exhausted.

This noise can only be drowned out by audio static, much like the sound that greets me in the silence I enjoy, and in this silence this mind wanders, it dreams of a place far from this body, this soul, and every tiny piece that exists in the form I reside in, and in dreaming, I walk those lands in my mind, I live the life I wish to craft for myself, this is porting, and it will happen, as I wish to make it so.

And in wishing, those thoughts wash over me, my hands begin to move, they craft the path to the place where these ideas

are to be had, they clean up the mess I have left inside, it is all in learning.

And though I still feel the shame, I am happy to now see what reality is for me in this moment, I am ready to create the dreams I run to in this head, in moments of frustration, in moments where I wish to no longer breathe air into these lungs; that is not to be had. I kiss the thought and set it aside, as I now know that is just my red flag dancing in the wind, I will now stand and begin my journey to creating the life I want for myself, as these dreams are pointless otherwise, I wish not to just scrape by, but instead, I wish to live, and I will.

The space between all the noise
take a listen
remember not to drown it all out
instead allow yourself a break from this stress
these things are not to be avoided
they are to be watched
studied
turned into a puzzle and solved
awarding you with the skill of such
and in living in this world it will be put to use quite often
dawn it
shamelessly
seek comfort in this discomfort
watch and craft a new comfort as that is how it is had.

Four Walls

The ceiling has made me aware of the possibilities, its creaking acts as a song to soothe my soul in these moments. Regardless of the walls, may it be their position, their shape, height, what have you, the feeling such a room gives can remain the same; it is much less about the walls themselves, marked by memories, sounds, feelings - those walls hold something much more; and in living in my current state I have sworn up and down that this room was the problem, but when I fled, the walls of my new residence chimed in on the matter, and in living in such a space the comfort I created was diluted by the realization that these thoughts, the memories they were tied to, and the feelings that bled from them, needed to be addressed. Running would not change anything about any wall, because once I was held safely inside the room created as a result, these things would cover the floor, flooding the room until I was forced to hear the cries sent to my ears.

Pulling the plug did nothing to help, sure the water left but the walls were stained, and soon critters would crawl in through the new opening quickly becoming stained by a great shame as they were overtaken by what was left to see on these walls - I had no choice but to plug it up again, I needed to face this, and so I did.

In sitting in the freezing water my body tensed, twisting and locking itself into unfathomable positions. A cry would only shed a drop to add to the already growing water, so I learned to breathe, and in breathing my attention was directed to this head of mine, what lies within it. The walls inside my head were stained too, scribbles attempting to paint over them existed as markers of all the trials, and in seeing the reality, in

feeling it all with no true escape, I decided to find a new solution: I began writing down every word I could make out, further breaking them into pieces until I could rewrite them as questions, it was no longer "I cannot live like this" but now, "Why can I not live like this?" "what is it about these things that are causing such distress?" On and on until every single word that lived on this wall had a series of questions creating a path to answers.

I think I have walked a great deal.

One day while finding an answer for a question a wall fell down, and the water began pouring out spreading across the land, turning the grass from dried and dull to bright, reflecting the light of the sun directly into my eyes, the pain bringing about a tear, as if telling me it is now okay to cry, as I have a greater understanding, as I now see it for what it is. I have acquired the skill of solving these problems for myself, these tears are given because I wanted such, they were not had in frustration, it was all in relief and I smiled, my skin soaking in all the sun, the warmth soothing the ache allowing this body to re-adjust itself to where I could move again, and in moving stood up and made my way back inside to where I fled from, it was the greatest feeling of all.

A Window

These walls are much like I remember them being before I fled, I assumed I would be resting here for quite a while, so I began to decorate.

While applying paint to the walls I came across a window I had missed, peeking through the frost dusted glass sat things I never imagined my mind caring to explore.

Up until this point I saw myself wanting to breathe alone, far away, under trees in a place crafted by myself, where I could forget about everyone and everything and greet the habits of the souls that walked this land far before I did. I wasn't aware that this life lived inside my mind was a cry for help, one that no longer existed after the wall fell down.

Standing on one side of the scale is my default, in traveling down to the middle I realized there are many ways my values can be incorporated into my current life, and the life of my future. I had assumed that my away land would solve everything for me, but now I'm seeing that the possibilities are truly endless.

I have since crept inside of myself, digging through my thoughts saved from the child that I once was, all the dreams she held tightly in this head, spilling down into the heart; those things are still possible, if not much more likely to be completed in this time, and in understanding this, I felt excitement shoot through ever bit of this body, ideas flowing from the folds of my brain as if crafted by a machine.

We are not taught to dream as a child just for the sake of fun and time spending, no, these dreams are much more, as

children our minds collect the simple things that bring us joy, the things that we truly want to explore, so it just makes sense to try those things out, no matter how far those dreams have drifted away, they were once had, that stands for something.

This window opened my mind to the realization that I have not lost myself, we simply grow and change as time does in passing.

These dreams are not outdated, they are achievable, my frustration towards the way this life is run just makes it a bit harder to navigate, but once the seeds started to sprout it was made very true for me in that moment.

In this place where I stand, I see that these dreams can be had, that these dreams are what make life worth living.

Finding the beauty in the misery of life, understanding yourself and doing what is best for you, living life in a way that fits you and your values, no longer warping yourself to fit the mold of the machine, this life is only beginning, regardless of the age of my skin.

It is not us that needs the changing, but the method in which we lead ourselves forward.

I fear for the destruction of the land we walk, the destruction of ourselves, our time, our joy.

A Crying Soul

In this excitement's dance with relief, I found myself tied to creating, writing, drawing, and saving ideas for future projects.

Almost as fast as this excitement came, it fled, and I found myself surrounded by piles of varying media, all stuck where I left them, regardless of what the reason for creation was.

I somehow always found something that stuck out, making it unfitting for the consumer, the humming in my brain dulled to a stuttering click and soon after I found myself stuck between the gears of my mind, each stutter tugging at the flesh, further stuffing it between any gaps near.

I tried to breathe like I did when my body twisted itself into knots back in the cold water, but this time, each breath would spit out the sound of a coin, taunting me with the realization that things in this world have a price; I quickly understood that this was the reason for all the piles I had been seeing; the creations were all shallow, they were to be crafted for consumption, they lost the authenticity along the way, and when that became so, I lost interest. I couldn't force myself to create something purely to be sold, it needed to carry the feelings packed along with them, as my way of living all deals in less waste, consumption of what can be used, what is needed, and finding the balance between that and the rest, this did not follow those rules, it was simply created to be sold and that is all.

How was I to live with the dull emptiness that would come with the confirmation of a purchase? How was I to tell of such a life while not even living as I told? How was I to turn myself into that of a machine only existing to create purely for the consumption of such, just to do it again until the day these eyes closed for good? To go against my own wishes just so I

could make my way to where I wanted faster. Setting my values aside for money, it felt unlike me, and it was. I felt the fear brewing in my stomach, the skin of my face met with tears brought by this exhaustion, to have felt like I figured it all out, only to be met with this.

While crying I felt the sting as the tears spread across the already exposed skin, the gears made one final click and every bit of me was dropped to the floor, spread about. At first, I was devastated, all these things I made myself believe could do were pulled from me, dangling above the only eye I could see from, held in the teeth of the gears locked in place - looking back I am glad this gave me much more time to sit with everything I felt and thought in that time, it truly did help me craft the path I needed to walk. So I laid there, the cold of the floor adding to the sharp sting of all this pain, eventually causing a ringing in an ear I wasn't sure existed anymore. I drifted away deeper into the mind, as I studied the gears closely, soon I realized there was much more than just that, there were windows exposing rooms I never saw before, the gears began clicking once again, causing me to tense up remembering what had just been done by them, they began spinning, raining the remnants of myself down to be reunited with what remained. Each drop would pool creating a path to the next part until months would pass and I would be put back together.

This time passed quickly, despite what is assumed.

The spinning of the gears brought questions where answers would peek from, the spinning would quicken, eventually causing a loud screeching noise, followed by a slamming click, then one of the windows would spray light across this room making the changes visible to me.

This went on and on.

I tried to study the amount of clicks it took for a light to show, I tried looking for any clue, but soon I decided it was all random, whether the gears spun or not, the room would

eventually spit out this light, and in doing so I was made aware, it was me.

I had pieced myself together, but not only was I connected, I had found areas I didn't even know existed until now.

These lights, they were telling of a new place brought about to be explored, the light would shine feeding my curiosity, reminding me why I was holding on to begin with, each drop of light pulling me back to the creation of the path, where I would eventually stand with the feet recreated ready for travel.

Desperation

Though I had been torn apart I stood tall, ready to make steps forward, one step to sprinting and through the door I went, searching for the rooms where the light existed, a journey started.

The walls began guiding me until I was carried to the feet of a painting, a mess of colors telling of what I would unknowingly be meeting. This picture, now that I think back, definitely stood as a warning, almost pleading with me to take some time to focus on all the lines, to become lost in every color I could see, to then pull the room in and view that as being a part of the picture, but in my ignorance I ran off and found my own way. As soon as I stepped from in front of that painting thoughts sprung into my mind - I mistook this as inspiration as a result of my viewing. I began dreaming of all these ideas, feeling satisfaction wash over me as I felt I had finally figured these things out for myself.

Eventually I found a door, swung it open without hesitation, a light blinked on and I felt glee. Inside sat a wooden chair, nothing fancy, just a standard wooden chair, paper, pencils, and a table, all sat in front of the wall where the window stood. Taking a seat my gaze fell through the window down to where I laid only moments ago, I felt excitement, and confusion at just how quickly I had progressed in such short time, when my gaze climbed back into the room I noticed a box with a slot housed at the front, I began working, every now and again a paper would slide in from a vent onto the table and I would create as a result. As time went on the pages would provide more than just a picture - a name, a description of the giver, what they felt, what they thought, what they needed, what they wanted, and it greatly influenced my creations, at which I didn't think about what

was made, I would make it, I would think of who would see it, and I would feel glee at the return of my assumption. One day the light flickered out, and in the darkness for a split second I saw my remains lying about like they had been before, when the light returned my face was visible in the glass and I realized I had been mistaken. It wasn't so much the creation, but the process of such, I was no longer tied to what was being created, it was purely for the individual, and so it became automatic, and like the machine before, I was once again hearing the clicking, this time from within myself, and I felt the similar sting from before, washing over every inch of my skin, seeping deep within the layers of it. I tried to breathe, it did not fade, I tried to fade, I did not go away, I tried to focus on what was wanted, and the pain grew, I rested, I cried defeat, my arm began moving, no feeling recognized; a picture was being born, words strung about, until the page was covered, then the table, then the walls, the floor, the chair, the window, my skin, the pencil would dig deep between the layers leaving its mark where my eyes would never see, and in seeing this, in knowing this, it was sent to me, the consumption did not matter nearly as much as what was felt, when it poured from within it was real, it was understood, it was mine, and in being mine it suited my own taste, open to change whenever I wanted, not living by any rules other than the ones I felt needed, it was had, the way I truly wanted it to be.

Behind me the door opened, being sure to creak making me aware of its movement, I smiled, then stood and stepped out the door, falling to the floor, I turned to look back and there it was, the painting from before.

An Open Window

In this clarity, in this moment of truth, finally being aware of the steps I truly needed to follow, the painting slid aside, as if welcoming me eagerly.

My eyes met the walkway for the first time, the path to the rooms I was shown before, each housing an open door, a mat sat in front, threads aligned creating an image of a road, each room existed empty, all appearing to be the same, at first I understood this to be another false passage, fear washing over me as I began to panic, and in this panic thoughts would drain from within me, taking on the form of a color, a shape, whichever felt best fitting for it, placing itself in a seemingly calculated manner. At first I was confused, I had no idea what the lesson of this trial could be, or what wrong turn I could have made to even end up in yet another lesson so quickly. As my questioning hatched such an expression on my face, that too was pasted in front of me, furthering my confusion, mockery? I thought, had I truly messed up so badly that the only way to pull me into awareness was to show me how silly I looked? Furthermore, this added to the mass being created in front of me, after a while I rested, my head throbbing a weighted blue, the fog from behind my eyes clearing and the hands I hold, the ones that belong to me, had been the creator of my mistaken mockery, and in this awareness I was made complete, I understood, it was no mockery at all, instead I was finally porting from within, an expression so true, so real it felt false, as my hands added to this collection of my inside's portrayal I watched on, following every stroke, every curve, letting every color stain the inside of my mind as it was sent forth and added to this family of expression; and in creating I cared not for what would be given to me when completed, I felt myself tied to every single piece crafted and

placed, each piece settling a thought had in this mind I carry, until these thoughts went silent and instead brought about feelings, draining from me as color, speaking with not a single word, it was finally true for me, the process in which creation was mine, it was had for myself, not just the appeal, but the entire process, the acknowledgment, the greeting, the conversation, the understanding, the portrayal, all of it was seen, felt, and expressed in what best felt right. I began crawling through my memories, feeling the feelings stored within, tensing at the discomfort that came with what could become lessons if given a meaning for such; it was then believed that growth is not had in the absence of discomfort, in full comfort the signals of change do not go off, not until that comfort becomes so great it is then had as discomfort, and that is where I had found myself, sticking so closely to my comfort that it then became a problem needing to be solved, and I stood solving it in my confusion, to be met with a completely new comfort, self created all in understanding. I finally held the skill of looking within, of self awareness, a skill that would guide me in further creation of comfort, in monitoring my discomfort so that I can grow, and learn from the troubles found in living.

I will walk forward putting my values first, building around such so that I do not create the mistake of living in a way that is not fitting for myself.

Understanding

I took a step back, looking over every piece brought into existence in the moment of understanding, what remained was a comfort telling of everything I needed to hear throughout my journey, the things I wished I had known, but am grateful I now know.

Blushed pink sprinkled about, a firm but flexible wave of red stretching itself further out, accompanying those wispy grays fading further into what is seen, spanning across the length danced those weighted blues, twisting and twirling into that feathery cream until fading into a soft frost of a blue, a tell of a mourning dance turned bittersweet, and in stepping back further I am seen, completely pulled apart in the most beautiful way possible, a true dissection of my sense of self.

Flowers blooming, wilting, and dying, returning to the land, a recreation of myself in the process I've walked so far, no fear, as I know I shall learn to bloom again. I understood that in creating what meant something to me I could focus on every detail like I wanted, appreciate every piece of the puzzle, and pour my all into it as time did not matter in creation of this like my previous works. I encouraged the spending of time in this process, and in it pouring from within me, that meant it was real, it was something that could be felt, that could be shared, no fear of false feelings as me feeling them was confirmation enough, and in feeling them I was aware that it could be felt by another, and if it could, that meant that someone out there could also be feeling these things currently. I no longer care to pull in an audience, no creation purely for the garnering of consumers, instead, I wish to walk this life creating as I go, expressing what is seen what is felt, portraying whatever

takes a hold of me in my walk. The people who feel these things will find me, they will find these creations, I will not pander, I will not change the recipe to attempt to bring in people, I will instead change the recipe so that I can enjoy each bit while I wait for mirrored souls to find their way here.

Forward

Outside the room no longer existed doors with threaded rug roads, no, grass stood about, the sun shines from behind mountain tops, the air is clear and clean, dancing over the hairs poking from within my skin, just as I had made peace within, it was time to do so outside myself, as these hairs stood as the grass, this skin acted as the land in which I could explore freely, and so I made my way.

I have thought about my previous plans of living with the trees, far away from other souls, I see this now as undesirable that dream is no longer worn by me, instead I have an interest in the souls that walk this land. I hope to greet and hold the company of some, I wish to walk between the lines, the rules not defining my plans for this life. I wish to see, to pull it deep within, then allow it to run free from me into the creations brought about with these hands, whether it be a thought, a feeling, something learned, remnants of something forgotten; and in living such a life I wish to dig deep, to learn, to enjoy my time spent in this world, as I and every other soul deserve such. I am to walk this land how I may, painting the world on the walls of my skull, breathing respectfully as best I can manage. Seeds have been spread, the rain has fed them a drink and the sun does the rest. These dreams will be had, as want them to be.

Understood

In walking this land the way I have written in this mind I exist within, I shall breathe through such creation, such joy, every bit that may flow through me, caring not for the words from another, unless wanted. These hands are ready to put forth the birth of this life, I have refined the flaws, carefully crafting myself into what is preferred by myself as the being to be pleased. These skills I have acquired will be worn as I make my way through this life, as it is honorable to do so, not only for myself, but for the process of creation. I will continue to stay in tune with this mind, the thoughts had inside of it, and the wants, needs, and ideas born as I move forward, remembering all that is to be remembered. This soul and every bit of myself have finally settled into the self created mold, fitting snug as it should. I will remember to be flexible, stretching to keep this body ready for what cannot be planned for, I will remember to practice moderation, allowing for a walk with these values, stretching and bending between the lines, I will make the most of what can be had here despite my dissatisfaction with what is currently considered the standard.

Felt

No reciting needed, as these things exist in the mind in the purest form, it is had and lives within.

I enter with glee, I welcome gently, and hope the same is done in return, but my understanding of such is not to stain you and your actions. I am excited to step forward in this life, may now feel the grass against the skin I own.

Beginning

As Lenny's lung has allowed the air to kiss them, I too will allow such.

Spoken in various ways, wearing the clothes most fitting, I am settling in; changes are to be expected, mistakes are to be made and learned from, this life and process of expression is to be enjoyed.

I welcome whomever decides to greet such, kindly in the way breathe, I speak, I move, as best I can.

My dreams are to be ported here, across the web and wherever best feels fitting, in doing so, fun is to be had, time ticks on and I am finally pleased with that.

As not to drag on with these words, I say yet another "Hello", the creation of comfort in this new area is to be built, I am unsure of the duration of such, though I have no intention of rushing it, I will make my way as best I can as I learn to.

Thank you.

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